

WAKE FOREST FOOTBALL, '63, August 13, '19

Given what I wrote yesterday, in reality, I guess I was only quasi rather than semi recruited by Carolina, but I was definitely semi recruited to play football by Wake Forest. East Meck head coach, Don Hipps, SS teacher at St John's Baptist and prodigious as well as prolific purveyor of extremely creative profanity and vulgarity, as, when chastising Martin Brackett for sluggish performance at Monday morning pre-season practice, Coach inquired as to whether he'd spent the weekend sitting around playing with his colorfully characterized male member, had played blocking back in the single-wing at Wake, maybe under Peahead Walker. I don't know whether Hipps put in a good word for me at Wake or not (if he did, he didn't tell me), but an assistant coach invited me up for their opening game of the '63 season against Va Tech.

The Demon Deacons had going the longest losing streak in major college football, 19 in a row. I guess I drove Mom's Mercury Meteor, or was it the black Mercury Comet, Mercury's answer to the Ford Falcon, up to Winston to see the game. I don't remember anything about seeing or talking with the coach or players. All I remember is that when the final whistle blew, Wake was 0-20. I suppose I remember 2 things, the other being that Dickie Kelly play wingback for VPI. Dickie was 3 yrs older than me and a terrific football and baseball player. He went to jr hi at McClintock, just down Rama Rd from us, and I saw him pitch a game when he was in the 9th grade. He was a southpaw. It was the bottom of the last inning, the Fighting Scots were up by 1, there were 2 out and the bases were loaded. He worked the count to 3 and 2. The crowd, 25-30 of us, was going crazy. The opposing coach called time and went out to give the batter his words of wisdom. Then Coach Tom Ligon went out to impart his wisdom on Dickie. The next pitch was out of the strike zone but the batter, like Casey, took a mighty cut and missed. But, unlike in Mudville, there was much joy on Rama Rd that day, ca. 1957. Dickie went to Garinger after McClintock where I'm sure he was a nemesis to the Eagles on the gridiron and the diamond, and where he was coached by Don Hipps, then an assistant at Garinger before becoming East's head coach my junior year.

The Deacons still hadn't broken their losing streak when I was invited up to their homecoming game against South Carolina. I asked the coach if I could bring along our quarterback who, though not being recruited, was thinking about walking on, so Bill Carr, not only not our QB but as far as I know, one who had never put on the pads, went with me. Bill was mentioned in my story about Grandma Dora, but I'll tell you a little more about him, the accuracy of which he can dispute as he's an emailer hereof.

The Right Reverend Dr and Colonel William Bryant Carr, Jr and I became almost life long friends when his dad, Bryant came from Durham to be pastor of Matthews Baptist Church in Matthews, NC, a 1, or at that time, probably no stoplight crossroads in southern Mecklenburg Co, site of Matthews School, grades 1-12, from which my dad graduated as valedictorian in a class of probably 25 or less from the then 11 years of school in 1924 or 5 (he was

born February 27, 1908, the last of his 11 siblings, twins Dot&Don were born on his 22nd birthday, and I was born on his 38th birthday) and my mother the year after. The Carrs came when Bill and I were in the 4th or 5th grade if I recall correctly. Bill went thru the 9th grade at Matthews and we joined forces at East in the 10th, where he was president of our class all 3 years. Being a good Baptist, and, I guess, entitled to some financial assistance as a PK, he went to Mars Hill College for 2 yrs where he and our friend, Chris Pappas, MH student body president, learned to drink Blue Ribbon and pontificate, yea, even preach on a stump in the woods, not the Bridges, of Madison Co. Maybe feeling he was predestined to do so and also maybe realizing that the earnings that could result from a Davidson College diploma would way more than atone for the lost \$ aid at MH, he joined me at Davidson his junior year. We started UNC law school together but after his first year, Bill decided the law wasn't calling loud enough, so he fulfilled his ROTC commitment by serving in the Army medical corps in Viet Nam. Then, fulfilling his predestiny, he went to Columbia Presby Cemetary, oops, Seminary in Atlanta and became a Presby purveyor of the Word, getting his Dr at McCormick in Chicago. He's served churches in Arkansas, SC and several in Atlanta and now lives with his wife, Jan, on Lake Lanier, where, when he's not singing in his church choir, playing trumpet in his geezers brass ensemble, fly fishing for trout in the Ga mtns or bottom fishing for salmon in Alaska, or attending veterans functions as a retired Colonel in the Army chaplaincy corps, he's on the tractor or feeding his cows at his gentleman farm outside Gainesville, Ga. I was best man at Bill's marriage to Joyce and, as I previously mentioned, he was at mine to Janet. When his marriage ended, I told him all I could think of as the cause was that I'd had a better best man than he did.

So, Bill and I go up to Wake on Friday afternoon where I introduced him to the assistant coach as the walk-on QB prospect I'd told him about. He'd gotten us a room at a fraternity house, which were part of the dorms, and meal tickets for supper and Saturday breakfast and lunch. I don't remember what we did that nite. We didn't know anybody in the frat or elsewhere at Wake that I recall, but I do remember it was loud, very loud, very late.

The next morning the assistant coach showed us around the football facilities and then took me, I guess Bill felt like Corne, Brackett and I did at Carolina, left waiting in the hall, in to meet the head coach, Billy Hildebrand. The only thing I remember from the meeting was Hildebrand saying that he'd told his players at the pre-game meal that they had a good chance to break their losing streak today against SC because they had Clemson next week and they didn't have a prayer against the Tigers. That's all I needed to hear about Wake Forest football. I wouldn't have played for Hildebrand if he'd offered me 2 scholarships, a new Mustang, and an apartment with the head cheerleader as a roommate, none of which he offered. I don't remember whether he told me I was a prospect or not, because I don't think I heard a word after the comment about his teams' prospects.

Wake ended its drought against the Gamecocks. Their star was running back Brian Piccolo of the movie Brian's Song fame. I think he set a school rushing record in the game. Their winning streak ended at 1 when yes, as predicted, Clemson kicked the crap out of them the following Saturday.

The next time I was on the Wake Forest campus was spring '67 when, after applying to its law school, Bill and I came up for the required personal interview with law school Dean Carroll Weathers. A tall, distinguished looking at least sexa and probably septugenarian, Dean Weathers had to satisfy himself of the character of anyone wanting in his law school and ultimately in his bar. He had a copy of my transcript and was impressed that I was taking a Greek course my final semester. I didn't tell him the course consisted solely of reading and discussing with octogenarian Davidson classics professor James Bailey Homer's Iliad and Odyssey in English. He then asked such softball questions as whether I wanted to become a lawyer to make money or help humanity. I didn't stumble over that one. Dean Weathers, wherever you are, looking back over my 37 years practicing law, I'm not sure i did much of either. He ended the interview by saying he knew I would make a good addition to the law school and pointed me to the married student housing office. When I reminded him that either I hadn't yet taken or hadn't yet gotten the results of the LSAT, I don't remember which, he said he was sure that I would do fine, and admitted me on the spot. That may have been the first time I actually witnessed a door opened to me by a Davidson diploma.

I was admitted to and attended UNC law school, a better and much cheaper school.

Janet and I drove thru the WF campus when we were in WS this spring for a medical appointment at Bowman Gray for her. I wasn't particularly impressed with its campus in '63 or '67 as it was still fairly new and the trees and shrubs were small and the ivy young, but now it's beautiful, flowering, leafy, very impressive, particularly to parents who are trying to decide whether it's worth \$60k to send their kids to. Pretty sure none of my progeny, Emma (13) or Anna (11), son Tom,Jr (UNC '90) and wife, Kim's daughters, or Sam (17) or Sophie (13), son Tim (Davidson '95) and wife, Sara's kids, will be going there or to any other educational institution which is a financial sinkhole.

Last nite, after hearing about Simone Biles unbelievable first ever gymnastic stunts, I googled her and found she turned down a scholarship at UCLA and is enrolled in the University of the People. I googled it. It's amazing and tuition free. No need of Morehead or athletic scholarships. Its motto is The Education Revolution. It has 20,000 undergrads and 5,000 postgrads, including an MBA program. Probably won't be long before it has a law and maybe even med school. Wikipedia doesn't say if it has a mascot, but I'll recommend one; Go Bernies! =